# **NEWS OF HORSES**

Lord Curzon, the Moneymaker and Regardless Go to Walton Stock Farm.

RARE BRED LOT THEY ARE

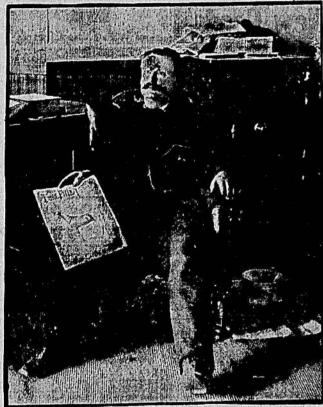
Death of "Pittsburg Phil"-Serpenting-Virginia Thoroughbreds Win in California.

In Lord Curzon, Moneymaker and Regardless, Samuel Walton, banker, financier, big railroad contractor, breeder and secured a trio of righly-bred trotters at the late Fasig-Tipton sale, New York, three were bred at Village Farm t Aurora, New York, and represent different strains of blood that brought ie and fortune to that widely known rblishment, all of whose trollers were

price streets and resonmended by special agent.
BLANKS, The Prescription Druggist, inc.
nis hast Broad Street, corner Beverly and
Randolph Streets: Twanty-sixth and Venable
Riceis: Twenty-sighth and N Streets corner
I'me and Albemarie Streets, Richmond.

fame and fortune to that widely known establishment, all of whose trotters were sold at this affair.

Lord Curzon is a yearling, while The Moneymaker is two years old, and it is Mr. Walton's intention to have them developed, and then to use them as stallions. Regardless is six years old and now in food to the great money winning pacer, Direct Hal, 2:04 1-4, but later on the black mare will likely be started in



MR. SAMUEL WALTON.

a few races and given a record. The purchase of these three animals forms an important addition, not only to Walton Farm stud, but to the breeding interests of Virginia as well. Lord Curzon cost \$230, The Moneymaker \$250 and Regardless an even \$600, and at these prices it would seem that they are not dear by any means. The tric carry the blood of Mambrino King and Chimes, "Sires of the Triple Crown," both being represented by three 2:10 trotters each, and in addition it many be said that rare form and finish predominates in the families.

Lord Curzon is a bay colt, foated August

Lord Curzon is a bay colt, foated August 12, 1904, and sired by Chimes, 5343, the gretest son of Electioneer. Princess Alma, Lord Curzon's dam, is a full sister to Lady of the Manor, 2:04 1-4, pacing, by Mambrino King, second dam Princess Chimes, by Chimes, third dam the great Arood mare Annabel, by George Wilkes; fourth dam the famous Jessie Pepper, by Mambrino Chief. Lord Curzon is entered in the Western Horseman Futurity, \$8,200.

by Mambrino Chief. Lord Curzon is entered in the Western Horseman Futurity, \$8,200.

The Moneymaker is a black colt, feated April 23, 1963. He is a son of The Viceroy, \$1208, dam Eva Chimes, by Chimes; second dam-Yours Truly, dam of Trus Chimes, 2:12 1-4, and Truthful Chimes, 2:14 3-4, by Mambrino King, and is entered in stakes aggregating over \$27,000, emong them the American Horse Breeder, Kentucky Stock Farm and Horse Review.

last season, and there are others able to shade this mark by a nice margin. Among the brood mares in use are Maggie Carrell, 2:17 1-4, the beautiful daughter of Jack Dawson; her full sister, Lutte Dawson, 2:30; Ella Leo, 2:20 1-4, and some others that figure as producing gams, During the coming season Mr. Walton said that he would have quite a stable of young things worked for speed at the farm, but that Wilton Greenwah had Marjie Z. and some half dozen others in winter quarters at Towson, Md., and would race them.

A. T. Griffith's brown mare Serpentine, by Mambrine Boy, out of Remembrance, dam of Virginia Jim, 2:12½; Remember, 2:15½; El Banceia, 2:15½; by Georga Wilkee, who was bred in 1904 to Direct, 2:65½, is now heavy in feal to that famous son of Director, 2:17½, and high hopes are centered in the prospective produce. Mr. Griffith also owns the promising young mare Token of Remembrance, a full sister to Virginia Jim and W. G. Bryan, in whose stable she is being winteed at Montezuma Farm, looks upon the daughter of Leewood as the making of a trotter.

chimes, 2:12 1-4, and Truthful Chimes, 2:14 3-4, by Mambrino King, and is entered in stakes aggregating over \$27,000, among them the American Horse Breeder, Keniudky Stock Farm and Horse Review.

Regardless is a black mare, foaled 1899, by Dare Dovil, 2:00, dam Regent's Last, dam of the Aristocrat, 2:12, by Prince Regent, 2:16 1-4; second dam Grandmother, 2:20 3-4, a great brood mare, by Hamilin's Almont, Jr., 2:26, Dare Dovil, one of the handsomest horses in America, was sold by the Messrs. Hamilin to Thomas W. Lawson, author of "Frengled Finance," for \$50,000, Regardless trotted an eighth in fifteen seconds, and was then put to breeding.

Until the recent Faig-Tipton sale, which came off at Madison Square Garden during the week of January 30th-February 3d, I had not seen Mr. Samuel Walton for some years, but the founder of Walton Farm, the largest and by odds the Widest in area of Virginia establishments

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## Whims of the Idler

THE PROBLEM OF A "COUNTRY HAM."

freary meadows, low-grounds and roadways, molten to-day with sun-brewed ice, there is still one link in memory's chain that binds us to our rural cousins

vandered joyously through pastures green or woodlands brown, to seek the sweet asylums offered by rustic environs.

In short, our present mements of bucolic friendship was erst a hore and is to-day a country ham, or rather what

knives and forks have left of it.

Even as these appreciative—if not appreciated—lines are being penned, the dismanufed treasure wallows, a symphomy in russet and pink, within our largest blue dish, and triumphantly sees itself diminish and perish a cullnary martyr.

diminish and perish a cullinary martyr. There are horgs and horgs (both human and porcino) and there are hams and hams (both Smithfieldian and occidental). hams (both Smithfieldian and occidental), but after all, the meat takes on its richest, sweetest, most wholesome flavor when it is merely known as "country when." Put that dear old adjective "country" before your produce-your gastric fuel for wintry days—and be the article butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, sausage or—blessed creation—ham, the food forthwith takes on an ambrosial flavor and somehow grows irresistibly tempting. with takes on an ambrosial flavor and somehow grows irresistibly tempting.

The defunct hore that came our way—or more specifically, the portion of the late hog that reached us—arrived by express, and, like our country cousins sometimes do, "dropped in" quite unexpectedly. Welcome? Why a thousand times welcome! could have hugged it to my bosom, had my semi-annual clean shirt not at that time been in the zenith of its whiteness.

Tenderly we essayed to lift the por Tenderly we essayed to lift the pon-derous visitor; joyously we realised that it defied the united strength of cook and house girl. Had the quadruped original, of which this ham was only a molety of the rear end, been made of cut glass, Sevres porcelain or Wedgewood china, we couldn't have handled the meat more gingerly, more reverentially, or more we couldn't nave nandied the heat more gingerly, more reverentially, or more leftly. We fain would have dipped our napkins in its sacred grease had any grease exuded from the paper wrappings, and as things were, we even hated for our interested next door neighbor to get

and as things were, we even hated for our interested next door neighbor to get any of the savory smell.

"I have met that horg personally," rapturously exclaimed the nominal head of the house to the Commander-in-Chief, who, with arms, akimbo, smillingly surveyed the obese visitor and gave orders as to its reception. "Alas, poor rooter! I knew him, chilluns; a porker of infinite fat, of most subtle aroma; through the wormwood fences he hath shown me his back a thousand times, and now, how eagorly in my imagination I chew him! My mouth waters at him. Here hung those jowls that I have admired, I know hot how oft. Where be your grunts now? Your rootings? Your squeals? Your attacks on the swill-tub, that ware wont to set the stye in a roar? Not one now to greedily gobble up your profilor? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my ladd's pantry and tell her, let you boil three hours; to this favor she must come; make her busy with that. Frythee, woman, dost taste the critter?"

"A little more practical assistance on your part and loss spowing of Shakes-

Pr'ythee, woman, dost taste the critter?"

"A little more practical assistance on your part and less spowing of Shakespeare," quoth the methedical Queen Bee. "would tend materially towards aiding me. It is one thing to eat a ham-an eccomplishment in which I recognize your proficiency—and another thing 'to cook it. I don't expect to have to send the Pinkertons after you when the meat is served (she always says 'served' when our food is extra good), but I would fall swooning to the floor were you to lift a finger in actually helping me."

And right here I could see that things were busy in the good woman's dome of thought—that something puzzling was whirling around in her coocanut. She gnawed her cooking book like herolnes chew their point lace handkerchiefs in novels, and cut her eyes around in a most restless, uneasy way.

"Not satisfied, after all?" I queried. "So much human nature in you that you can't keep the still small voice from saying 'whole here or none?' Let's wire for the rest of the pig, including the chitter-lings (which informally we pronounce 'chitlins')."

"Not a bit of it," indignantly retorted the heusehold durage."

lings (which informally we pronounce 'chillins')."

"Not a bit of it." indignantly retorted the household buzzer. "It was dear of 'em to send it—just dear. But plague take if I know how to cook the pesky thing."

"On the stove," I sagely suggested. "On't let's have a political barbecue in behalf of the Prohibition candidate."

And theroupon the Queen Bee indulgently told me that the rear molety of hory would have to be biled for hours and then baked and seasoned with a degree of care and skill that would put the cull-nary cunning of missionary-enting cannibats to the blush.

"The thing gives me the high billioum filps," added the Queen Bee reflectively, "is not how to cook the ham, but what to cook it in. It isn't like stewing prunes, you know, or preparing an eag onclette." Never having made a specialty of cooking hams, I was utterly unable to relieve the pressure, which, owing to the enticing smell of the meat, had become very great by now. The nominal head of the house could not so much as induce the good woman to hearken casually to his suggestions.

Once our hearthside genius thought she had solved the problem. "The fifty-pound lard can will serve my purpose," she joy-fully exclaimed. But it didn't work. It

fully exclaimed. But it didn't work. It wasn't large enough.
Next the immense dish pan was considered as a medium by which the ambrosial meat might be given a steaming swim. To the horror of the cook, the cross-eyed house girl and the Commander-in-Chief, this scheme siso proved impracticable."
"It's too much for me," sighed the party who uses this writer as her life's meal ticket. I give it up. Guess we'll have to enjoy the ham as a parlor ornament."
And with that the good woman flung

have to enjoy the ham as a parlor ornament."

And with that the good woman flung herself out of the kitchen and buried her sorrows in the very vulnerable heels—and still more vulnerable knees—of thirteen pairs of juvenile stockings which ever need darning.

Hours elapsed. No ham—no hope of ham. Disappointment soaked through my system like a London fog permeates the English metropolis. I no longer continued to ruminate in my imagination. The horg I once knew was now an object of contempt to me.

But hol way yonder in the dead hours of the night, when we were seeking to soothe our sorrows in the sweet embrace of a feather bed, a voice not forty acres from me exclaimed: "Of the cat's foot—why didn't I think of it before?"

"Think of what?" I asked. "If a single bubble in the whole range of human thought escapes your think tank in a day. I can't conceive what it is."

"Why, the ham—cooking that ham," said the voice behind the Vallambrosa of ourl papers. "It's plain as the nose

on my face now. I'll boll it in the baby's bath tub."
"What!" I yelled. "Do you really mean Do you take me for a Fiji Islander?'

7. fudge," retorted the empress of ks. "Don't put on airs. If you don't it, don't eat the ham after it's

it? Do you take me for a Fiji Islander?"
"O, fudge," retorted the empress of cooks. "Don't put on airs. If you don't like it, don't eat the ham after it's cooked."

This put the matter in a different light, and finally the nominal head of the housemeekly said:
"Well, at least, if you intend boiling the ham in the haby's bath tub, let me implore you to boil the bath tub first."
And so the gravest of domestic problems was solved by feminal ingenuity, and the judcy treasure the next day had its faciling swim in the sarcophagus-like receptacle.

and the juicy treasure the next day had its fealding swim in the sarcophagus-like receptacle.

In due time It perfumed the house with its redolecce and made us the envice of all the envious for blocks around. By the time the ham had taken on its bread crumb garb and retired inside the stove for a final bakins, I had an appetite that not only bankered after the ment, but the baby's bath tub, too.

And when at last the delicious chunk of porker emerged from its final flery chrysalis, we ate and stuffed thereof, as though it were our last meal on earth. "Tis perfection of food—the very quintissence festal of bliss, this "country ham," and the nominal head of our happy home sets down but one complaint against it. The stuff makes him dream. And when he dreams, somehow the nightmares always make him fancy he has suddenly been hereft of his clothes, which is embarrassing. Still, when it comes to a case of horg versus audity, I am for the horg.



. Chase City Chat.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) in this county the people appear to be about equally divided between Swanson and Willard and Martin and Montague would lead all if he would consent to be a candidate. He, above all others, serves the recognition and honors of

ginia Democrats. 1 The "First State Bank of Chase City" is getting its building in first-class con-dition to open for business on the first proximo. This will give us three banks

men.

Announcement is made of the marriage on the second of Murch of Mr. Spencer Nicholas Walker, a popular and prominent business man of this place, to Miss Lizzle Hughes, daughter of the late Mayor John E. Hughes, of Chase City.

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#### Very Low Prices

on Dress Goods and Silks. We look for an extraordinary response to this advertisement. We will double our business Monday. You can help us, and at the same time enjoy a very large saving.

48c Hair line stripes, two-toned ef-

39c Lining Taffeta, a bargain at 39c Shantung, plain and stripes; worth 50c.

75c Black Taffeta, 36 Inches wide, 98c Black Chiffon Taffeta, 36 inches wide; worth \$1.25.

#### Dress Goods.

39c Albatross, in full line of colors; Fine Mohairs, would be cheap

48c Ballste Mohairs and Fine Volles, in all the leading shades; any one worth 59c.

42c Fancy Mohairs, that are sold 75c Mohair Siollian, a great bar-

#### Flannel Specials.

1434c White and Red Flannel, worth 19c. 25c Red Flannel, worth So.

#### A Great And

most unusual sale of Ready-to-Wear

Goods-sample lots. \$3.98 Walking Skirts, worth \$5. \$5.98 Covert Jacket, well tallored, new alcove; worth \$8.50. \$9.98 Silk Suits, worth \$14.

#### Special Linen Sale.

Everybody knows February is the best time to buy Linens, but it is seldom prices fall so low as this house

378c Twill Crash, worth 5c.

10c Huck Towels, worth 12 1-2c. 19c Red Damask, worth 25c.

48c Table Damask, bleached and cream; worth 69c. 25C Tray Cloths, worth 39c. 25c Round Centerplaces, worth 50c.

69c Table Damask, 72 inches wide, worth 85c. 89c Dinner Napkins, worth \$1.

99c Dinner Napkins, worth \$1.69. A Few Money Savers.

75C Potticonts, worth \$1. 10c Children's Drawers, worth 15c. 75c White Quilts, worth \$1.

\$3.75 Lace Curtains, worth \$5. 121/2C Bed Ticking, worth 16c. 19c Sheeting, 2 1-4 yards wide and worth 25c.

#### 10,000 yards of

White Goods.

earliest and newest for the season. 61/20 White Cambric, worth 8 1-86.

5C Checked Muslin, worth 8 1-40.

91/2C Soft Nainsook, worth 12 1-2c. 1134c English Long Cloth, worth 934C Figured Madras, worth 12 1-20,

15c Wash Chiffon, 45 inches wide, 15c Franch Lawn, 45 inches wide,

Persian Lawn, 45 inches wide 15c worth 250. 121/20 Dotted Swiss, small dots:

#### New Wash Goods.

934c for Now Ginghams that are 1134c New Percales, soft, light weight; worth 150. 10c New Volles, new patterns, but same quality you pay 12 1-20. 1134c Sheer Organdles, large floral effects; worth 15c. 15c New Galateas, the quality you pay 19c for.

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#### ELEGANT WEDDING.

Miss Margaret Williamson Brickell Bride of Dr. Isaac E. Green.

APPLIQUE SCARFS,

12/2C

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
VELDON, N. C., Feb. 18.—A wedding
of much interest throughout this State was the celebration of the nuptials of Dr. Isaac E. Green and Miss Margaret Williamson Brickell, at Grace Episcopal

Dr. Isaac E. Green and Miss Margaret Whilamson Brickell, at Grace Episcopal Church Thursday afternoon at half-past 3 o'clock, in the presence of the largest assemblage of friends ever before seen within the walls of the sacred edifice. In fact, many were turned away from the doors, unable to gain even standing room. The decorations were white and green, in which the beautiful trailing Southern smilex entered largely. Mrs. W. T. Shaw was organist, and she rendered brilliant wedding marches, playing soft selections as the wedding vows were taken. The celebrant was Rev. J. T. Chambers, rector of the church, and the ceremony was most impressively performed.

The ushers were Dr. A. S. Harrison, of Entield: J. L. Scott, F. W. Garrett and S. D. Hancock, of this city. Mrs. W. S. O'B. Robinson, of Goldsboro, an aunt of the bride, was matron of honor. She were a dress of peachblew chiffon taffeta and narried a bouquet of carnations and ferns. She entered alone and preceded the bride to the chancel. The groom entered from the vestry room with Hon, W. E. Daniel, who was best man. The bride entered the church with her cousin, Mr. Sterling Marshall Gary, by whom she was given away. Her wedding gown was a lovely creation of burnt biscutt satin crope de

church with her cousin, Mr. Sterling Marshall Gary, by whom she was given away. Her wedding gown was a lovely creation of burnt biscuit satin crope de chine, hand embroidery in pink roses. Her bouquet was a magnificent collection of Bride roses and maiden-hair forms.

Immediately after the ceremony the bridal patty were driven to the home of foon, and Mrs. J. T. Gooch, where the bride doffed the wedding gown and donned a handsome traveling dress of thrown broadcloth, trimmed with real lace and roses. Her hat was an imported brown volvet, with rose and lace trimmings, and was gracefully shaded with ostrich plumes.

The bride is a typical Southern girl of rare beauty, and is one of the handsomest young women in North Carolina.

Dr. Green is easily one of the most popular men in the State. He is a spion-did physician, enjoys a large practice and belongs to the people. The great popularity of both Dr. Green and his bride was fully attested by the largest, handsomest and the most elegant wedding gifts that good taste could dictate. They came from all sections of North Carolina, from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and consisted of rich out glass, chests of silver and beautiful gifts in gold and silver, rugs, pictures, chairs and numerous handsome and cosily presents from friends and relatives. Not the least prized was a Bible, in which they can discover many hidden treasures.

The wodding party was clogantly and informally entertained at the spaceous and elegantly appointed home of Mayor and Mrs. J. T. Gooch, prior to the wedding, and there was a continuous stream of callers, both during and before the appointed day for the oeremony.

Dr. and Mrs. Green left on a Coast Line train soon after the wedding for an extended tifp to Washington, Philadelphia and New York, They will be at home to their riends after March 1st.

### The Smallest Extant.

The University of California has received what it thinks is the smallest dictionary in the world. The book is a French-Engish dictionary, one and one-eighth inches long by three-fourths of an inch wide. It was printed first in large type and then reduced to its present size by photographic methods. Each page contains about 110 words, the book containing 530 pages. Liquor Bills.

According to Mulhall's dictionary of statistics the amount of money annually expended on alcoholic linuors in the United States is \$255,000,000 for long for wine, \$210,000,000 for perits. One hundred and eleven million dollars are estimated to be paid in taxes.

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